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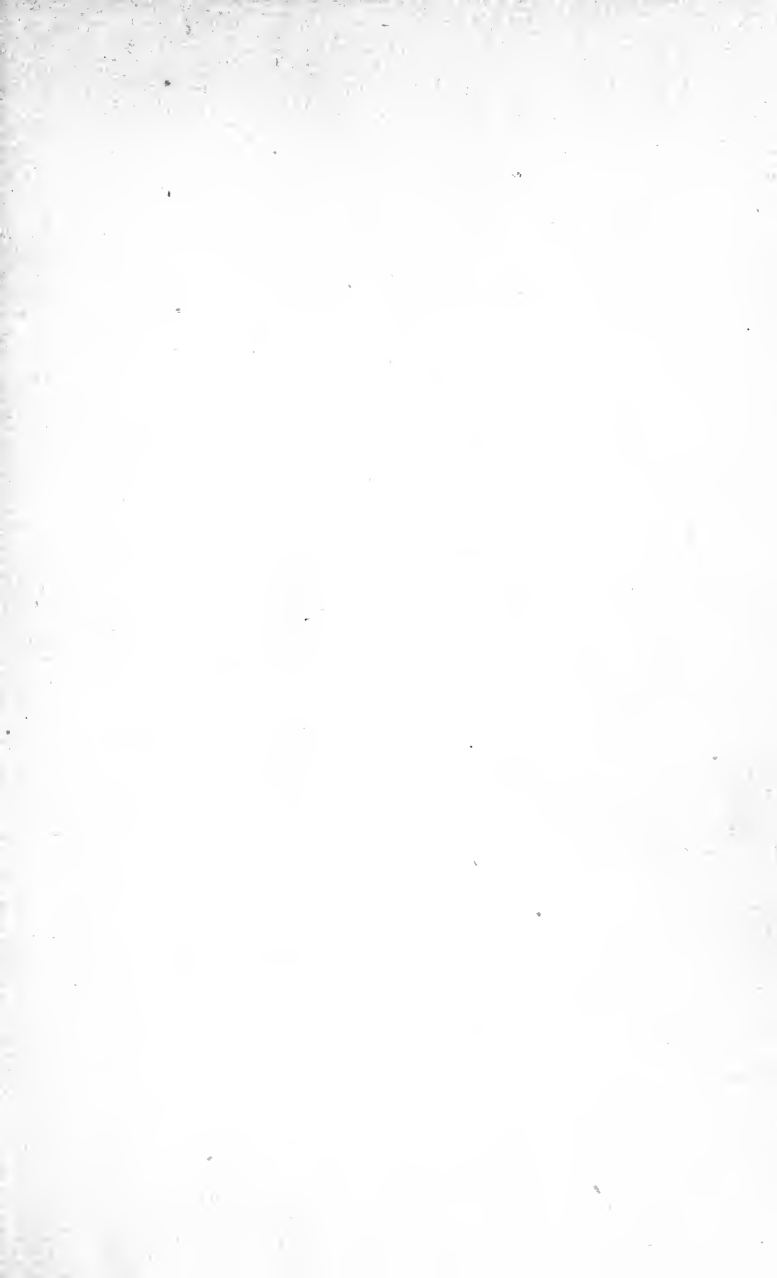
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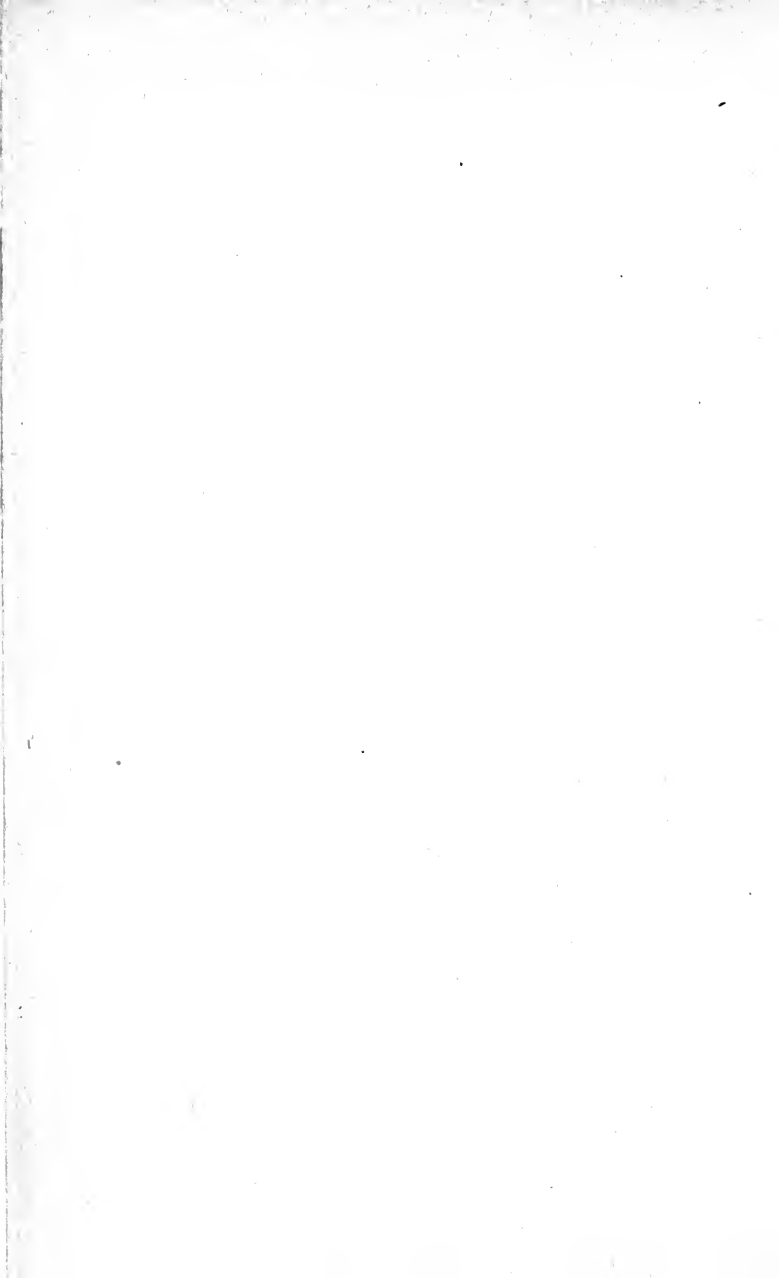
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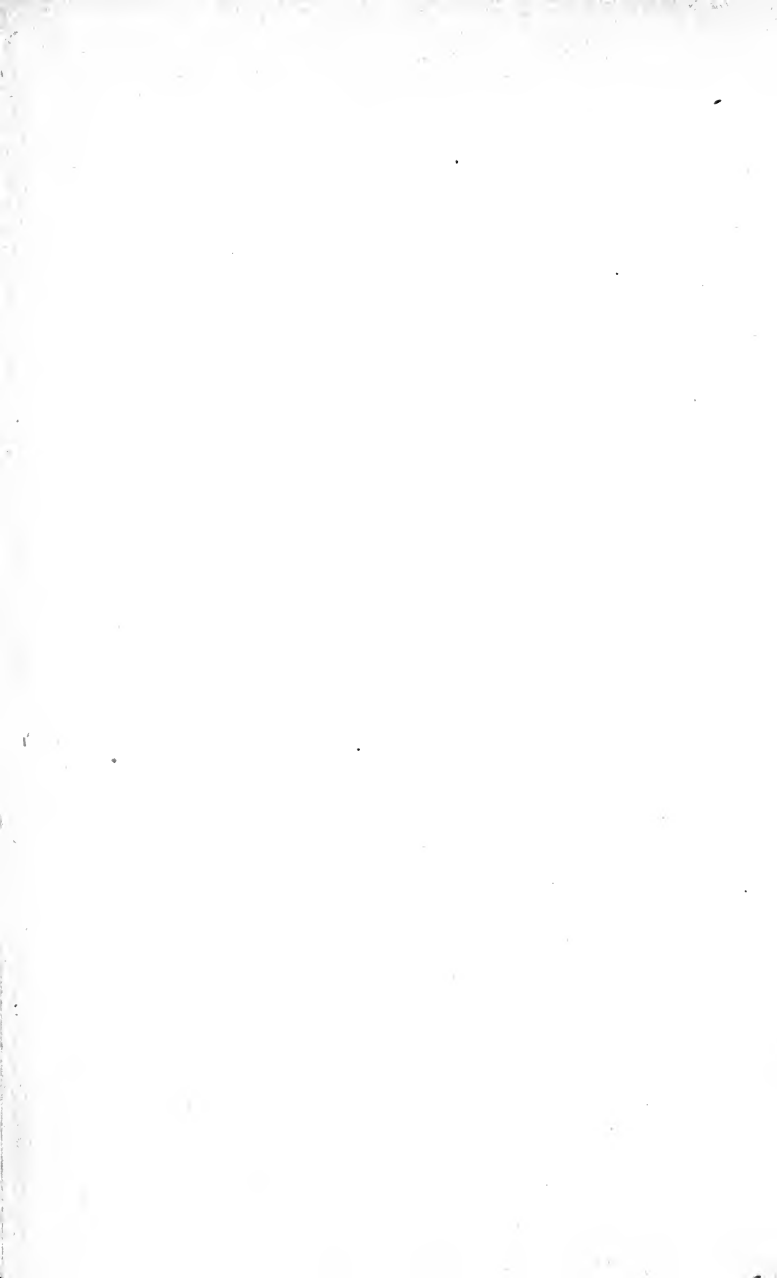
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LYRIC TOUCHES

JOHN PATTERSON



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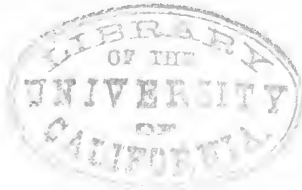
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LYRIC TOUCHES.

TO POLYMNIA.

COME, and breathe me a song, O Muse,
Who guidest a graceful pen :
Only a delicate, lyric thing,
No epic and deep refrain.

Round the rhymes with a far bird's note
Or sweet, wet smell of a rose,
Or a memory with tear-drops hid
In the cadence at the close.

Treat a theme as an artist would
A vagrant and dreamy valse,
Leaving the ear in easy strain
And finding no echo false.

The touch of a tress on dancer's cheek
Inspires love's deepest sigh,
So if there be a line of love,
Just hint at a sad, big eye.

Muse, I long for a song to-day
Writ with a tender pen,
The verses falling in fragrant shower,
And thoughts all sweet in their rain.

THE FAN.

I DYLLIC cloud of flossy down and silk,
Like cirrus floating o'er her hand of milk,

Upon one satin side perennial traced
A landscape whence the daisies never waste :

A flock of caded sheep which never stray
The shepherd with his reed uplift to play :

A distant skulking wolf which can no harm,
And frets the timid flock with vain alarm.

The other envied side I can not see
From feathered tip unto the ivory.

More wondrous charms I ween would be
revealed,
Its own and of my love's flush face concealed.

AT SUNSET.

A MEADOW lark is liting in the plain,
An owl forlornly cooing from a tree
Which velyet winds are dusting lazily.
A flock of sheep agraze within the green
Sweet grass, crops daintily toward the sheen
Of dancing stream entangled in her dress
Of violets; while floats a restlessness
In toneless fugues of light above the scene.

The sun's last kiss hath sent a vivid thrill
Through all he loves. The meadow and
the bird
Are left full strong and warm against the
chill
Of clammy night: the thirsty sheep have
stirred
The dim unsilvered stream and drunk their
fill,
And dumb with dreaming, follow I the herd.

TO THE MARÉCHAL-NEIL ROSE.

THOU art like glad canary, rose,
Thy silken leaf its plume, thy showers
Of perfume its lay.
Thou art like summer day that glows,
Thy golden petals, golden hours
In a bright bouquet.

Dropped from the Dawn's disheveled hair?
For as she leaves her lord's love-bed
A flushing from his kiss,
I've seen a creamy rich rose there
Croceous-hued fall from her head,
And thou art like to this.

Full happy are thy dimpled leaves,
For each is wed to loving mate
Nor dying lie apart.
As yellow wheat bound into sheaves
They cling together and await
On one another's heart.

Thou livest only summer's length,
 And canst not bear the birds' good-bye
 Like the asters cold.
 The sun must woo thee in his strength,
 Or in modest rains thy scents reply
 While the tale is told.

What if thy cup of life is small?
 Who would not long for beaker brimmed
 With such cordial wine,
 A draught which blends the sweets of all,
 And then to rest with requiem hymned
 By birds, O rose divine!

TWO SIGHS.

ONE sigh for a song,
For a song that is sung.
It was sung me erst long
Was the song.

And one for a rose,
For a rose whilom white.
It is faded to-night,
Is the rose.

Love sang me the song,
And love gave me the flower
In a long vanished hour,
Rose and song.

And so will I sigh—
It is all love has left:
When in thought I'm adrift
Will I sigh.



THE PARIAH.

NO music has softened the din of her
day—
The night which approaches brings music
for aye.

The roses are wan in the way she has
trod—
In freshness they bloom on the grave's
narrow sod.

No peace has she found in the path of the
past—
Adown by the cypress she finds peace at
last.

And sorrow is fled, burning tears cease
their flow—
“Thy sins though as scarlet, shall be white
as snow.”

A WINTER HEMP-FIELD.

THE men returning from the valley
fields
Of hemp are singing near the tilted bars
A strange, wild tune.
The tin-pails swinging from their sturdy
arms
Twinkle with silver faces of vain stars
And slender moon.

The breaks, like oxen from the harness free,
Stand wan with moon-light and their duty's
dust,
Ghostly and mute.
And crisply crack the scattered sheaves of
hemp—
Slim lances ready for the morrow's joust—
To parting foot.

The fires are fading of the burning shives,
The embers waken from their ashy swoon
In cloudy pipes.

The carts go rattling down the roseless
lane,
Apost the orchard which presents no boon
To thirsty lips.

Fainter than distance grows the homing
throng
Of workmen singing, and the neighing
team,
Over the hill.
Softer than shadow is the breast of Peace
Brooding and nestling with the pale moon-
gleam
Over the dell.

God-Nature's workmen have begun their
task.
Their steel aglitter gives no clamorous time
Nor martial sound.
They pierce the hemp hearts with their
silver blades
Of frost, and fetter with the rings of rime
The captive ground.

These curious workmen carve their cameos
Into the onyx of the frozen field

By evening's lamp.

Mysterious cryptograms which puzzle him
Who saw this thing within a winter field
Of the tented hemp.

WOULD!

A FULL camellia at her breast,
As white and cold
As if of snow-flakes matched and held
In frozen fold.

A flower of haughty beauty pure
But no perfume.
More suited dead than living heart,
The scentless bloom.

What if her heart is free of love's
Perfume as this?
And if her lips so beautiful
Are cold to kiss?

Would that the white camellia
To red rose turn!
Would that the warmest flame of love
Her dear heart burn!

ΕΙΣ ΧΕΛΙΔΟΝΑ.

(From Anakreon.)

THOU, dear Swallow,
Coming once a year
Dost braid thy nest in summer,
In winter disappear
To Memphis or the Nile.
But Love is ever braiding
Its nest within my heart,
And Love's egg is waiting,
When Love is winged to part,
Nearly hatched the while.
So the gaping birdies'
Cries are heard alway.
The grown Loves feed the Lovelings;
No sooner fledged than they
Are busy hatching others—
What hope is then for me?
My strength is insufficient
Such countless Loves to flee!

COMRADES.

A BAND of comrades have I,
A chosen band of three
Who tend my daily marches
And guard the tent of me.

He strong, with girded loins,
With shining shield and mail
And bow and arrow ready,
Is my brave warrior "Will."

And often when the battle
Is loud with hue and strife,
And I am faint and failing,
His arm protects my life.

He swift, with piercing vision,
And keen axe at his side,
With steps secure and steadfast,
Is "Truth" my trusty guide.

And if when deep bewildered
In ways unknown and new
I grasp his honest fingers,
He leads me safely through.

She sweet, with harp and psaltery,
With eyes like summer shade
And voice of low bells linking,
Is "Hope" my fair handmaid.

And she, when I am wounded,
With balsam from her breast
Binds up my bleeding sinews
And soothes my soul to rest.

And so wherever tented,
Their fearless fires are here,
And I secure from danger,
My comrades bivouacked near.

THE HANDKERCHIEF.

EXQUISITE, airy thing
Linen and lace,
Soft as a white dove's wing,
Brushing her face.

Pure as the tea-rose bloom,
Queen of its band,
Holding the light perfume
Caught from her hand.

Bordered with slender lines
Silken, and cleft
Fine as the spider twines
Into his web.

This is the handkerchief
Delicate, sweet,
Fallen like lily-leaf
Down by her feet.

A HYMN.

WHEN no hand helping
In waters foaming
Life seemeth waning,
Thou art my Rope.
When eyes are weary,
When days are gloaming,
Still art Thou near me,
Jesu, my Hope.

When I a wanderer
Proud through the passes
Slip into pit-falls,
Thou art my Crook.
When I a doubter
See through dark glasses,
Thou comest nearer,
Jesu, my Book.

Sound of the sobbing
Left for the living
This can not reach me,

When on Thy breast.
Groans of the failing,
Groans of the striving,
Will be earth-echoes,
Jesu, my Rest.

White let them robe me
Meet for Thy pity,
Lilies to plead with
Their breath, mine lost.
Into Thy kingdom,
Beautiful City,
Jesu, receive me,
Jesu, my Host.

THE WISH.

(At Love's Birth.)

CLEAR, tender star of evening
hour,
Be thou as Olden Star a guide,
Perform for me thy fabled power,
And lead his foot-steps to my side.
The over-curving crest of heaven
Without thy blue would be but
dim,
And as thy blue to perfect heaven,
Is he to me, and I to him.

Clear, tender star of evening hour,
Be thou as Olden Star a guide,
And when thou shinest on my bower
Restrain thy course and here abide.
I care not if he brings no treasure
Like Eastern princes took with
them.
No gold can pay the price of pleasure
Is he to me, and I to him.

DARK.

LAST night the mystery of dark within
A tiny heart untried of grief was born
And baby-lips by sorrow's sobs unworn.
A mother's anguish paid the greed of pain.

Last night beneath the shivering, pallid stars
A snowy head and faded face were dead;
From weary heart the agony was fled,
The late soul lifted o'er the Golden Bars.

Oh! mystery of dark, of flowing tears!
To-night, to-morrow will it still repeat?
Shall no last breath soon earth's design
complete,
Or shall Time's tarnish dim unnumbered
years?

Hath not a sculptor carved a marble fame
Divine enough to catch immortal flush?
Hath never painter touched a face to blush
With life fulfilling the Creator's aim?

Hath poet never strung the purposed shell
And never sung the tuneful song of songs?
Among the aeons' countless beauty-throngs
Hath perfect woman never woven spell?

When o'er this pulseless breast blue violets
 move,
For they will wave feeling my heart in
 them,
Shalt thou be born, the long-awaited Brahm,
To prove all creeds are right in truth of
 love?

Beneath this cypress to the marble mark
From, in yon chamber, woman's travail cry,
This one way we are passing you and I:
Who seek to see beyond find ever—dark!



AD PUERUM.

(From Horace.)

I HATE the Persian pageant, boy,
Rich chaplets twined with bark
annoy.

Forbear to seek where haply yet
The wild-rose linger late.

A simple myrtle wreath prepare ;
On nothing else bestow a care,
For while I quaff 'neath clustered vine,
It suits my brow and thine.

LOVE AND FANCY.

I HID my heart
In a radiant rose of red—
A flower flushed with its touch—
Lone charm in my tangled bed.

To Fancy brought,
The flower was left to die,
Idly breathing its tale.
Forgotten flower and I.

At last Love finds
And binds the rose in her breast.—
I laugh at Fancy's form
As Love is tenderly pressed.

A PÆAN.

THEY have taken from Zeus his scepter,
They have banished Bel from his
throne.

They would drive my God from His Heaven
And leave me to die alone.

But I gaze on His splendid palace,
And His eloquent envoys there,
The sky with its stars of silver,
And I fancy no foolish fear.

I look on His works of wonder,
The earth, the sea and the sun,
And the work portrays the Master,
Which none but He could have done.

Let them marshal their hosts to battle,
I'll brighten my helm and shield.
And I know that in spite of their taunting
Jehovah shall win the field.

WHEN TO-MORROW SHALL BE TO-
DAY.

WHEN to-morrow shall be to-day ;
When the night shall be wept away,
Will the kindly sun make dry our tears,
As he dries the dews from the rose which
dares
To lift her blushing face to be kissed ?
Will the night's long anguish fade with its
mist
When to-morrow shall be to-day ?

When to-morrow shall be to-day ;
When the silvern stars grow gray,
And the herd to the distant hill departs,
Will the morning lark bring the song to
hearts
Which he brings to the depths of throbbing
shy ?
As he sings serenely, shall you and I
When to-morrow shall be to-day ?

34 *WHEN TO-MORROW SHALL BE TO-DAY.*

When to-morrow shall be to-day ;
When winter hours drift into May,
When bird and sweetheart are building a
nest,

Will love return to the empty breast ?
Will the same clear eyes again beguile,
Enchanting still with the old sweet smile,
When to-morrow shall be to-day ?

When to-morrow shall be to-day ;
When the clay shall return to clay ;
When we to the Master Death are thrall,
And willows are weeping over all,
Will our sorrow sink in the River of Rest,
Will our names be numbered among the
best

When to-morrow shall be to-day ?
When all to-morrows shall be to-day !!

OVER A PICTURE.

SWEET girl, I love thee for thy face
Where truth and beauty find a place
To dwell with purity—a mien
Of Poesy's conceit hast thou—
In Grecian mind thou must have been
A goddess meant for Parian snow.
God took the thought, and chiseled thee
From his divine and throbbing clay.

Above the pictured face I dream
And look until mine eyes grow dim—
Her features blend into a blot.
My heart's cold altar of desire,
Her eye, a flame forget-me-not,
Shall light forever with pure fire.
And with those heaven-tender eyes
A heart shall burn its sacrifice.

THE BUTTERFLY AND ROSE.

A BUTTERFLY of weary wing
Flew to a rose to rest and swing.

The butterfly, a bloom of light,
The rose was only snowy white.

“Am I not fair, O rose,” said he,
“The rainbow scarce can fairer be.

“See where the gold to orange turns,
And purple kissed by crimson burns.

“A flower taught to fly; a gem
In azure air to float and gleam.

“And like a falling star my flight;
While thou art only simple white.”

I weened the taunt while passing by,
And for the rose did make reply.

“A worm art thou on painted wings,
The bud is white from which she springs.”

AUTUMN LEAVES.

AUTUMN leaves of the forest,
Ye are letters woven strong
Into tales of the scarlet woman
In her revel and her song.

Ye were modest in maid's sweet manner,
And your songs were pure and divine.
Now your words are wild with passion,
And your lips are aglow with wine.

Ye came, and the sun came burning,
Defiling you with his gold,
As a lover kisses with laughter
Such lips as are bought and sold.



TO-MORROW.

THERE is a maiden light and fair,
With hint of sunshine on her hair.
Her deep eyes flash so dark a blue
That by them sapphires lose their hue.

Around her throngs a fairy band
Of Hopes all dancing hand in hand;
While grim old Time, with locks of snow
Is playing for them where they go.

And crowds of lovers vain pursue
The Circe maid with eyes of blue,
For if to kiss her any tries,
With mocking laugh to Time she flies.

To-morrow is the maiden's name
Whose looks the hearts of men inflame,
Who in the path of death beguiles
Still beckoning with seductive smiles.

IN MEMORY OF SUMMER.

WHERE doth the brimming rose spill
musk
Along the way,
Where whitely stray
The smooth bare feet, at dew of dusk,
Of maiden to the spring, her throat
Repeating softer tones than rote
From tremulous harp wind-strung?
Songs of thy sweetness sung,
Roseal Summer.

Dreary these dim and tearful days
When ravaged glades
Wear tattered shreds,
And sadly hangs a crape-like haze
Upon the wistful woods unleaved,
While to thy memory, bereaved
Thy voice a dervish song
In many a mystic tongue
Mourning thee, Summer.

When mocking winds are flaunting snow
 On meadows
 Which they froze,
I wonder where thy warm winds flow
Scented with floating blossom-shells,
Sweetly fluctuate to thy calls
And flower-fingered hand,
And where the blue-bird band
 Lilts to thee, Summer ?

If I were where thy lilies sigh
 In perfumed prayers
 Unto the stars,
Their sainted kindred of the sky,
Could they and birds retune my heart
To gladder mood and happier art ;
Have my dear hopes outflown
Thy scepter and thy throne,
 Summer, sweet Summer ?

AN IDOL.

THERE are pearls like those of the cir-
cling sea
Whiter than beads of milk can be.
But they must be gained with glittering gold,
For pearls like the shivering sea are cold.

There are two sapphires blinding blue
Like pieces of sky which have fallen through,
But a palace's luster must light the gems,
For in a cottage no sapphire gleams.

There are twin rubies of warmer red
Than breasts of robins by arrows bled.
But only mammon can kiss their ray,
Remote as the distant stars from me.

And these fair gems in an idol are
That will crush me under her cruel car.
For others are offering riches rife,
And I can offer but love and life.

THE VINAIGRETTE.

A N incensed fane
By silvery chain
There swings :
A gleaming mold
Where cling in gold
Strange things.

The good Koran
Doth damn the man
Who spun
The dragon wings,
And beasts and things
Thereon.

And yet this rest
Of bird and beast
In rows
The girl I woo
Keeps lifting to
Her nose ;

And out and in
The stopper thin
 She draws,
Her hands retrace
From lap to face
 Because

This temple-tray
Ammonia
 Conceals—
This silhouette
A vinaigrette
 Reveals.

A PRAYER.

OH! come to my sorrow,
Peace, like the calm to the sea,
And bring to the haunted darkness
Light from eternity.

Keep watch on my mourning,
Stars of the steel bright beams,
And send from the realm of heaven
Hope with her peaceful dreams.

Attune to my comfort,
O Lyre of Heavenly Love,
And perch on my burthened bosom,
Rest, like the white Ghost-Dove.

Oh! come, gentle Slumber,
Press thy sweet lips to my eyes,
And whisper like a mother crooning,
The promise of Paradise.

UNDER THE ASPENS.

THE minstrel-wind's love touch hath made
The gleaming bosom of the lake
To palpitate in sweet alarm.
The aspen trees resent the kiss
The saucy reveler gave, trembling
Musically to eye and ear.
While silvery leaves beam like faint stars,
And twinkle in the tender blue.

A careless dreamer lies beneath
The milky-way of leaves, and loves
To hear the tales the poplars tell—
How such a lover said, "I love,"
And carved within their snowy peel
Two names he would were one.

WITH THE ROBINS' SONG.

SWEET is the robins' vesper song
Which melts in the blaze of golden sky,
As the sun goes down and the birds fly by
And come in the maize with their melody,

Where the purple corn-flowers cling
Close to the stalks of the withering maize,
Like memories cling to fading days
And bloom in the heart in the evening haze.

With breasts as red as the mellow peach
And red throats rounded with songs out-
pour
They seem ripe fruits as the day is o'er,
And corn to bear what the peach-trees bore.

The reapers rest on their silvery scythes
Or silently lie on the heaps of husk,
While from the dimbles of corn, the
musk
Of flowers and the robins' song in the dusk.

Sing on, suave birds, in the crested corn,
When the day is done and the night is nigh /
May I have hymned such a melody
As yours to pierce to the purple sky!

SUB QUO CÆLO?

WHO says that summer has no snow?
Look at the rose-buds in summer-
hair,
Fragrant snow-flakes floating there
Into the white drift of her brow.

Who says no flowers the ice-lands grace?
Look at the violets liquid blue
Staining me purple through and through,
In the Frigid Zone of her frowning face.

I know not if the summer's gone:
I know not if the winter be:
The twice two seasons are mixed for me
Who follow the moods of this fairest one.

THE SOUL.

THINE eyes are clear with soul therein.
Beneath the laces of the lash
There shines a light pure as is seen
In reflex of a brilliant's flash.

And as the sunbeam lights the stone
And lends its luster to the gem,
So too thine eyes' light 's not their own ;
The soul it is which shines in them.

IN THE AUTUMN WOOD.

THE autumn-wounded bleeding wood
Draws close around its cloak of mist
To hide the clinging blood.

The red leaves fly against my face
With slender claws of fir and pine,
Like birds intruders chase.

A sunbeam weary of its flight
Lies panting on the maple's breast,
A languid shape of light.

Or is it a last butterfly
Softly waving with rainbow wings,
This envoy of the sky?

Yon late flower seems in its retreat
An alabaster vase of spice,
Broken at Autumn's feet.

Invisible its odors fly
In rapid rings of spikenard sweet
 Into the purple sky.

I feel their light touch on my face,
As when we feel the silken sweep
 Of wings in some dim place.

What faint far birds are those which sing
Like hopes of summer trouped for rout,
 Like dreams on waking wing?

Their music sets my fancy free.
I hear the oaten pipe of Pan
 In sylvan minstrelsy.

Strange dryads roam the darkling wood
And deep illusive eyes delude
 Of Faun and forest-god.

I pull with them the flammeous grape ;
I crush wild wine of memory
 Until my pulses leap.

I live again the happy time
When earth was all a singing-place,
 And love my only rhyme.

And now the heavy gloom of care
Is on the autumn's wings of haze
 Floating, fading, lost in air.

DURING A SONATA.

THE music-perfume poured around me
makes

The very soul within me drunk,
While she is playing in a fragrant sea
Of liquid notes the wimble fire of art
Diffuses into scented harmony.

She holds my heart in her white restless
hands,

And would a melody it were,
That she interpret its impassioned strain!
For then her ear would harken to the plea,
Which trembles at its pink approach in vain.

WITH A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

THERE is a tender little flower
So meek, so soft with sympathy,
They cling together happily
In a scented circlet-portraiture
Of sixty minutes in the hour
I spent upon their drowsy bed,
To wreath bands for her burnished head
And find Hap's four-leaved clover flower.

The mead and I miss each of them;
The bumble-bee waits for their sweet.
My four-leaved clover faded, dim
With me I offer at her feet.
Do I wake or do I dream?
She makes my happiness complete!

TO THE MOUNTAIN MIST.

(The Alleghanies, 1892.)

MIST that clings so soft
To the green lace upon the mountain's
breast,

With downy wings sky-sent
To brood the beauty of the rocks divest,
Far on thy pinions blue
My soul would fly with thee, empyreal mist.

Forgetful of cold reason
My rhyme would bear my soul in mystery
Dissolving in thy vapor ;
A soul to dream such volant dreams as fly
From reason's hardening hands,
Like smoke-designs in artist-fingers die.

Diffused in glyns and dingles ;
Glad as the wild-grape wine's unravished
mirth ;
Part of air's purity

My soul would float to-day from sorrow's
dearth—

A wish thy Weirds are laughing
As old as longing and their purple birth!

A SERENADE.

BUDS of the lily-Graces
Hiding their snowy faces
Weary resisting, languidly lie.
The lover current is kissing,
Kissing and closely pressing
His lips to their love-pale lips with a sigh.

Sweet, I float in the flowers
Under the silvern shores.—
What if the lune and the lilies are fair?
Silverest moon is dreary,
Whitest pond-lilies weary
Until my lily, my love is here.

Soon will the moon be shaded,
Soon will lilies be faded,
The water will darken, the warmth be
cold.
Come ere the lilies wither,
List to my plaining zither,
Come ere the night and we grow old.

FATE.

TWO birds go singing over head,
Two swallows swift and sweet.
Their glad love lay makes melody
While day and darkness mate.

They build their nest in a mossy ruin
Whose guests have long been dead,
And gaily chirp in the solitude
Of halls no foot-falls thread.

For some must hush for some to sing,
And joy comes after grief.
Palace will mold, but nest will build,
And death createth life.

TO A SLIPPER.

IN the dream of the languous valse
Softly circle
Silver with sheen of the silver light,
Slender slipper,
When the touch of her tiny foot falls,
Kissing its shadow as day does night.

In the mutable maze lead my love
Lightly, smoothly
As swallow sailing o' evening late,
Burnished slipper,
Like the down of a tremulous dove
Winging, gleaming by with its mate.

In the drift of the vagrant valse
Slowly circle,
Hiding the heart which I place in thine,
Silken slipper,
Ere the weight of her proud foot falls
Crushing cruelly, knowing it mine.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

IN the wood
Autumn presses her wine,
Till the flood
Overpours every tree and vine,
Staining leaves and the golden weed
With sardoin and sulphur shine.

In the hills
Flutters the falling leaf.
It appeals
To my heart as a symbol of grief,
Sinking down in the breast of the wind
Which gusts over stubble and sheaf.

In the air
Are strange echoes and murmurings.
From the bare
Bush where yon late bird swings
And sings, are the leaves awhirl
Like a covey of birdless wings.

Ere thy flight
Bird, why sing—if bird thou art,
Not a sprite,
Nor a fancy of autumn's heart.
Thinkest thou the foot-falls of woe
From the wood at song will depart?

And I am
Dazed at hearing thee sing.—
In my dream
And the mystic visions which spring
In the heart at the fall of the leaf,
When the roses are withering.

So farewell!
No other singing, nor thine
Can dispel
The mist from the hill and the sign
Of sorrow which is set in the wood,
In days of the summer's decline.



TO-DAY.

THE swarth night draws his eager curtains low
About the gold locks of the winsome west.
The hint provokes a holy passion-glow
When day's divest.

I long to couch me with this sweet to-day
Who rambled through the rosies sunnily,
If this pure wife might haply gender me
Such heirs as she.

TO A FALLEN LEAF.

THE happy summer lived with thee,
Happy with bloom and bird returned,
Now all thy beauty blear and burned,
The weeping summer dies with thee.
The autumn's winds low threnody,
A dirge for all thy kindred mourned,
Sighs o'er thy fallen form un-urned
Beneath the forest's feet to lie.

But soon will snow with silent hand
Spread crystal wreaths and winding sheet;
And tears adorn thee and thy band
Beneath whose tarnished coronet
Many a narrow mound will stand,
Where happiest summers terminate.

SUB ROSA.

I HAVE fallen in love with a rose
And have plighted my faith to hers
For her sweetness when I was sad
And her tender responsive tears.

She had wept all the night, as I,
At such sorrows we have, not you
Who laugh at the fanciful griefs
Which a rose and a dreamer know.

I have gathered the rose to my heart :
But, rose, is my love so true
Since you fell from the careless breast
Of a lady more fair than you ?

A CLUSTER OF GRAPES.

MISTY-purple globes,
Beads which brown autumn
strings
Upon her robes,
Like amethyst ear-rings
Behind a bridal veil
Your veils of bloom their gems reveal.

Mellow, sunny-sweet
Ye lure the banded bee
To juicier treat,
Aiding his tipsy spree
With more dulcet wine
Than clover white or wild woodbine.

Dripping rosy dreams
To me of happy hall
Where laughter trims
The lamps till swallow-call;
Of flowery cup and throng
Of men made gods in wit and song.

Holding purer days
Your luscious fruitfulness,
When prayer and praise
The bleeding ruby bless,
And memory sees the blood
Of Christ the Savior, God and good.

Monks of lazy hills,
Stilling the rich sunshine
Within your cells,
Teach me to have such wine
Within my breast as this
Of faith, of song, of happiness.

VERSE.

FOOLISH we think to make our verses
bright

By writing ruby, diamond, sapphire, gem.

Foolish we fear to make our verses dim

By writing rust, tarnish, cloudy, trite.

Carping his song retards no swallow's flight ;

Singing of summer maketh sprout no as-
phodel ;

Calling it dark opaques no crystal well ;

Calling it crystal sweets no brackish bight.

The age is of form-verses, not of power.

We strive to philter muses with such herbs

Of speech, as witch ne'er demon with the
lure

Of plants so sapless. Let the magic herbs

Of rhythm, pungent and powerful conjure

The Nine in fewer adjectives, more verbs.

THE EPIPHANY.

CHRIST, Thou art born ; Thy star is in
the sky.

I seem to see three camels tread the plain
Laden with precious gold and nard again
At the new symbol of Epiphany.
Perchance the magi from death's swathes
are free,
Their limbs unmuffled from the spicy fold,
The stones from off their crumbling
couches rolled
To suffer them again to worship Thee.

Jesus Savior, keep our vision clear,
And make our souls from faithless dark-
ness free
To see in Heaven always thy guiding star,
Always the light of thy Epiphany ;
That the fainter grow the scenes of earth
and far,
The fairer grow our sense of Heaven and
Thee.

TO THE STARS.

TREMULOUS slaves of the light,
Blue and silver and white,
At glance of the moon,
Stars, are ye pale with fright?

Are your beams buds in a spray,
Bloom of ethereous sea
Which maidens hold
Glad in eternity?

Or gems in the angel's breast,
Bearing dead souls to rest
Unto heaven—
Gems of his lucent vest.

Secret my soul would know
Flashes to me below :
“ Learn that we are
Eyes of the gods on you ! ”

TO A MOCKING BIRD.

WHEN the slender shallop of the moon
Glides among the lights on the azure
sea,
Propelled by sails unseen and winds unknown,
Dashing softly earthward a silver spray,
Wakeful thou art singing dreamily.

All not beautiful is now unseen
Beneath the silver-plating of the spray.
The white-robed Earth swings incense from
her fane,
And silent are the choristers for thee
To chant the lesson of thy ecstasy.

Brown-surpliced prelate of flowery glade,
The interwoven notes of melody
Which loudly fill thy ruffled throat or fade
And faint adagio from tree to tree
Were made for such a night, the night for
thee.

Fragrant almost is thy minstrelsy :
I scarcely know which sense receives the
 bliss ;
I hear it, smell it with the apple tree
And even feel it with the breezes' kiss,
 So all-pervading is its tenderness.

The ocean ever singeth to the exiled shell :
Far summers echo in thy plaintive lay
Which seems to hold the music and the
 smell
Of scenes of many a vanished June and
 May,
 Kept as shells keep the memory of the sea.

Holy, holy is each phantasy
Awakened by thy song—a prayer more true
Than any Christian ever sent on high.
And peace and calmness follow thy adieu,
 As the pure orison transcends the blue.

AN OLD MAID.

THROUGH warmer glows of girlhood
days

She meekly passed, her love conceived
Immaculate. Her soft heart grieved,
Still bleeds with flowing sympathies.
A noble woman she portrays
The sensitive soul misunderstood,
The hungry heart starving for food,
The woman wronged of love and praise.

What if no mesh of scarlet cheeks,
No lure of eyes, nor silken tress
Detain beauty captive? Who seeks
The soul heeds not its humble dress.
The sweetness of her smile bespeaks
Pure beauty born of saintliness.

UNDER A PICTURE.

THE lamplight faints and croons the
fire's flame,

Then pagan silence rests my chairs among.
Above the mantel hangs an oaken frame—
Love smiles on kneeling me idolatrous.

An oaken frame with wreath of silver
sheaves—

Faunus did carve the wooden thing for me,
And twisted to the rim some slender leaves
Which frost had mellowed with a soft white
fire.

Her image pensive through a circled glass.
She looked one moon into a mirror-pool;
The loving waters crystallized her face,
And Cupid cut this picture in the disc.

Faunus and Cupid! did these twain recall
That I had mocked the old gods as a dream?
Now is a goddess in my heathen hall,
Bright face of heaven in a temple dim.

ΕΙΣ ΠΟΔΟΝ.

(From Anakreon.)

O ROSE of the Loves,
Let us steep it in wine,
The beauty-leaved rose
Round our temples entwine
While we drink, while we smile.
Rose, fairest flower,
Boast of spring's bower,
Even gods you beguile.
And Cythera's boy
Twists the rose in his hair
As he leads on the dance
With the Graces to share.
Crown me then while I play,
O Bacchus to thee :
Round thy shrine, god of wine,
With a deep-bosomed girl,
Rosy wreaths on my brow,
I shall whirl, I shall whirl.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

(To E. H.)

A THOUGHT'S span holding mistletoe
Gathered from the braw oak's breast—
The sun's orb'd fire seems altar flame,
The wrinkled oak a Druid priest.

Silently I bend my head
Until the Druid cease to pray
And chant to beads of mistletoe
Ancient Briton carmina.

The mistletoe hath green gold pins
Where pearls of waxen berries glow :
Such things as hold a lady's hair—
What if my love should stand below ?

With brown large eyes where darkness haunts
As in the deep of dreamy stream ;
Her braided hair in curves and curls
With just enough of gold to gleam.

I'd kneel me on the happy leaves
Trembling and warm beneath her feet,
And gentle draw her down beside
Until the forfeit were complete.

The oak tree sighs ; remembers he
The vine which clung about his breast
And twined love-flowers into his locks ?
Make I and Druid one request ?

I wonder if his god more kind,
Or he a tenderer prayer can pray,
And if the Druid wins his wish
Which God Jehovah grants not me ?

TO A STRING OF PEARLS.

WHITE weal of the sea
Cling tenderly
As I, if I thus were blest.
Smoother than silk
Of first dews of milk
Which shine on the pinks of a breast.

Is each a gem
Which once did gleam
From lips like the sard for red?
Cold in the grave
Which pale tides lave
With froth and the wan sea-weed.

Strung on a strand
Of floss as bland
As tresses of red, red gold,
Pearls, were ye thread
From dead lips and head
As the moaning waves have told?



FAITH.

HE gathers all his squadrons some brave
day

He, Youth, commanding, and his captain
Hope.

Ambition, Faith, Love rally on the slope
Which lifts unto the enemy's array.

Bold cavalry with restless sword and steed,
The banners curling and the bugles blown,
Thy flash, thy courage and thy might are
thrown

Up hill into a fatal enfilade.

Life's batteries unmask with many a gun ;
And thick hail hurtles the impulsive band :
Love's sabre falters ere the summit's won ;
Ambition wounded wails his nerveless hand.
But Faith stands on the envied height alone,
Spikes the last gun and waves his bannered
wand.

NOCTURNE.

THERE trembles near my starlit way
A timid rose
Which seems a fragrant flake of snow
That summer brings
Back to the air whence winter tore the spray.

The white shell dropeth a pearl-tear
When it is culled :
This rose which knows her not is sad,
And I'd be glad
To die upon her beauty's buds or hair.

Sadly I listen where he flies
In path of song
To mocking-bird I startle doomed to die
Within the lake,
Mistaking its clear mirror for the skies.

But as I cross the lichened bars
Into the lane,
I smile to hear some love-lorn lad
To slender maid
Swearing her bright tender eyes are stars.

I wander till far worlds grow faint
 And fainter grow,
Until their gray blends with day skies,
 And morning birds
Mock at my singing with a mild complaint.

THOU.

(To E. H.)

DUSK gold of scented hair thy coronet,
Twisted and tangled with a careless
care,

Clinging about thy temples smooth and fair
As some pure things the snow confesses
white.

And when thy mysteries of deep eyes speak
Rebuke, soft with their wounded tenderness,
Enchanted I with beauty's holiness
Stagger like one between the dream and
wake.

With sard and alabaster of thy face
Give of thy mouth the pearl and coral red,
And let these gems my happy cottage grace;
Then men shall point of me when I am
dead:

“Behold! a miser lived in yonder place,
And in his heart was all his treasure hid!”

WHEN.

WHEN laughter flew
My world wide through
Glad winged as homing, happy dove,
And autumn's flail
Swept summer's trail,—
I asked my love.

When her brown eyes
Shown bright as is
The seven-toned light from worlds above,
And Youth's pen traced
Life's etchings chaste,—
I blessed my love.

When her dear eyes
Are wet as lies
A deep, deep pool while rain-drops rove,
And sorrow halts
Within their vaults,—
God keep my love !

When clear light flies
My love's big eyes,
As bird will leave his chosen nest,
When we are old
My heart shall fold
And love her best.

THE SILENT GATES.

THROUGH the silent gates
There comes the slow, sweet breath
Of roses dozing,
And whispered intercourse
Of wind and leaves.

There the shadows fall
Like wings of weary birds
Feebly fluttering,
Till sunbeams cover them
With nets of gold.

Through the silent gates
There comes the quick coarse cry
Of ravens calling,
And the sodden sound
Of falling clay.

There the marble doors
Display their snow in which
Are traced sad legends
And the carven names
Of guests within.

There our sleepers sleep—
And you and I who wake
 Beyond the grating
Of the silent gates
 Are drowsy, waiting.

CHORAL ODE.

(Euripides' *Medea*, lines 627-662.)

THE Loves in excess bring nor virtue
nor fame,
But if Cypris gently should come,
No goddess of heaven so pleasing a dame :
Yet never, O mistress, in sure passion
steeped,
Aim at me thy gold bow's barbéd flame.

May temperance watch o'er me, best gift of
the gods,
May ne'er to wild wrangling and strifes
Dread Cypris impel me soul-pierced with
strange lust ;
But with favoring eye on the quarrelless
couch
Spread she wisely the love-beds of wives !

Oh fatherland ! Oh native home !
Never city-less
May I tread the weary path of want

Ever pitiless
And full of doom;
But on that day to death, to death be slave!
Without a country's worse than in a grave.

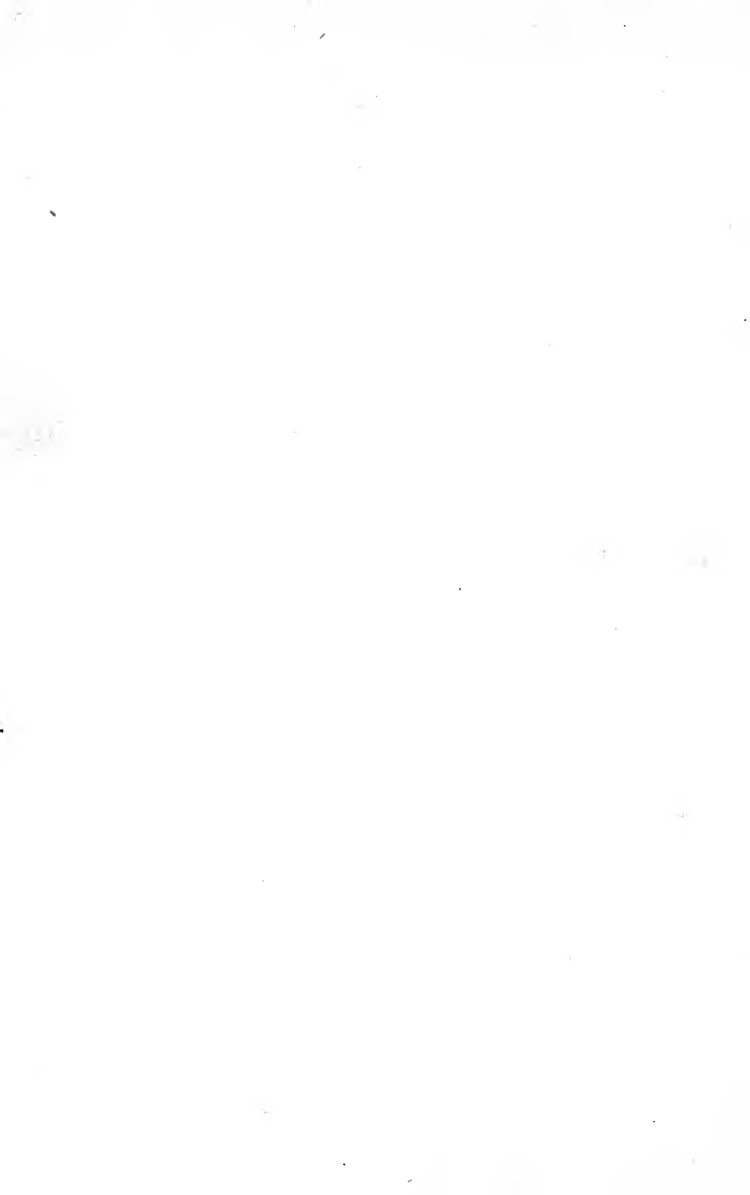
Mine eye hath seen, nor do I muse
On other's history.
Nor home nor friend bewails thy nameless
pangs.—

Perish dismally
The fiend who fails
To cherish friends, turning the guileless key
Of candor's gate! Such friend be far from
me!











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